# THE CHIEF LEGATEE.

## BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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CHAPTER III.

"He Knows the Word." E next moment the doubt natural to the occasion asserted it-

"How do you know all this? You state the impossible. Explain

Gerridge was only too willing to do so. "I have just come from Mr. Fulton's now half-past eleven. We should hear house," said he. "Inquiries there elicited from one or the other soon." "I have just come from Mr. Fulton's The facts which have so startled you. Reither Mr. Fulton nor his wife meant to deceive you. They knew nothing, suspected nothing of what took place, and you have no cause to blame them. It was all a plot between the two women."
"But how-why-"

died, with one relative after another, till | should they send it up? lastly she settled down with the Fultons. I know of no secret in her life, no entanglement, not even of any prior engagements. Yet that man with the twisted jaw was not unknown to her, and if he is a relative, as she said, you should have no difficulty

in locating him."

'I have a man on his track." Gerridge replied. "And one on the girl's too; I mean. of course, Bela Burton's. They will re-port here up to 12 o'clock tonight. It is 'And my wife?"

"A description of the clothing she wore has gone out. We may hear from it. But I doubt if we do tonight unless she has rejoined her maid or the man with a scar.

Gerridge was at the 'phone.

"Instantly," he shouted down, "and be sure you hold the messenger. It may be from your lady," he remarked to Mr. Ransom. "Stranger things than that have

Mr. Ransom reeled to the door, opened it and stood waiting. The two detectives exchanged glances. What might not that note Mr. Ransom opened it in the hall. When he came back into the room, his hand was shaking and his face looked drawn and

pale. But he showed no further disposition to go out. Instead, he sank into a chair, with a motion of dismissal to the two de-"Question the boy who brought this,"

Somehow I think she will join the girl. But it's hard to tell yet."

Mr. Ransom could hardly control his im-



"Read the paper tonight and forget the stranger at the St. Denis."

noticed that your so-called bride's gloves did not fit her; the boy below noticed that her shoes were so tight she hobbled. That set me thinking. A woman of ars. Ransom's experience and judgment would not be apt to make a mistake in two such important particulars; which, taken with the veil and the promise she exacted from you not to address or touch her during your not consider that you have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. "I who have so much at stake!" The detective evidently thought the occasine of the exclaimed. The exclaimed of noticed that your so-called bride's gloves not to address or touch her during your dryly added.

short ride to the hotel, led me to point At that me shad been with her for a long time, and had always given evidence of an especial attachment for her. Asking about this girl's height and general appearance (for the possibility of a substitution was already in my mind), I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that her many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that her many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage, and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind). I found that she was of slight figure and good carriage and that have many that the substitution was already in my mind. her age was not far removed from that of her young mistress. This made the substitution I have mentioned feasible, and when I was told that she was seen taking her hat and bonnet into the bride's room. and though not expected to leave till the next morning, had slid away from the house by the basement door at the same moment her mistress appeared on the front steps, my suspicions became so con-firmed that I asked how this girl looked, in the hope that you would be able to recognize her, through the description, as recognize her, through the description, as the woman you had seen sitting in Reception Room No. 3. But, to my surprise, Mrs. Fulton had what was better than any description, the girl's picture. This has simplied matters very much. By it you have been able to identify the woman who attempted to mislead you in the reception

room, and I the person who rode here with you from Mrs. Fulton's house. Wasn't she dressed in brown? Didn't you notice a similarity in her appearance to that of the very lady you were then seeking?"

"I did not observe. Her face was all I saw She was booking directly at me ac I saw. She was looking directly at me as I stepped into the room."
"I see. She had taken off her veil and trusted to your attention being caught by her strange features—as it was. But that

dress was brown; I'm sure of it. She was the very woman. Otherwise the mystery is impenetrable. A deep plot, Mr. Ransom; one that should prove to you that Mrs. Ransom's motive in leaving you was of a very serious character. Do you wish that motive probed to the bottom? I cannot do Mr. Ransom had risen in great

excitement. "Nothing can hide the fact that my bride left me on our wedding day. it under an influence which robbed her of her own will; an influence from which she shrank even while succumbing to it. I can show her no greater kindness, and I am not afraid of the result. I have perfect confidence in her integrity"—he hesitated then added with strong conviction—"and in her

The detective hid his surprise. He could not understand this confidence. But then he knew nothing of the memories which lay back of it. Not to him could this grievously humiliated and disappointed man reveal the secrets of a courishly which had fixed his heart on this one woman, and aroused in him such trust that even this uncalled-for outrage to his pride and affection had not been able to shake it. Such secrets are sacred, but the reflection of his

"Perfect confidence, Mr. Gerridge. Whatever may have drawn Mrs. Ransom from my side it was not lack of affection, or any doubt of my sincerity or undivided at-tachment to herself."

tachment to herself."

The detective may not have been entirely convinced on the first point, but he was discretion itself, and responded quite cheerfully with an emphatic:

"Very well. You still want me to find her, I will do my best, sir; but first, cannot you help me with a suggestion or two?"

"I?"

"There must be some clue to so sudden a freak on the part of a young and beau-tiful woman, who, I have taken pains to learn, has not only a clean record but a reputation for good sense. The Fultons cannot supply it. She lived a seemingly open and happy life in their house, and the mystery is as great to them as to you. But you, as her lover and now her husband, must have been favored with confidences not given to others. Cannot you recall one likely to put us on the right track? Some fact prior to the events of today. I mean; some fact connected with her past life; before she went to live with the Fultons?"

Yet let me think; let me think, "No. Yet let me think; let me think."

Mr Ransom dropped his face into his hands Mr. Ransom dropped his face into his hands and sat for a moment silent. When he looked up again ,the detective perceived that the affair was hopeless so far as he was concerned. "No." he repeated, this time with unmistakable emphasis, "she has always appeared buoyant and untrammeled. But then I have only known her six months."

he exclaimed. "I who have so much at differently, she says, and asks me to trust

nevitable question and reply. They came quickly enough. "What have you got? Have you found the man? "Yes. And the 'ady's been to see him; that is, if the description of her togs was

"He means Mrs. Ransom," explained Gerridge. Then, as he marked his client's struggle for composure, he quietly asked, "A lady in a dark green suit with yellow-ish furs and a blue veil over her hat?"

"That's the ticket" "The clothes worn by the woman who went out of the basement door, Mr. Ran-The latter turned sharply aside. The shame of the thing was becoming intol-

'And this woman wearing those yellow furs and the blue veil visited the man of the broken jaw?" inquired Gerridge.

'About 6 this afternoon." "And where?"
"At the Hotel St. Denis, where I have since tracked him.

"How long did she stay?"
"About an hour."

rose in the hall, and a man was ushered in, whom Gerridge immediately introduced as Mr. Sims.

A number—and with news! Mr. Ransom, summoning up his courage, waited for the inevitable question and reply. They came at the end of the lines whose purport he had just communicated to the detective

were these few, significant words:

"Make no move to find me. If you love
me well enough to wait in silence for developments, happiness may yet be ours."

#### CHAPTER IV. Mr. Ransom Waits.

Gerridge rose early, primed, as he said to himself, for business. But to his great disappointment he found Mr. Ransom in a frame of mind which precluded action. Indeed, that gentleman looked greatly changed. He not only gave evidence of a sleepless night, but showed none of the spirit of the detective answered, he shouted back: the previous evening, and hesitated quite painfully when Gerridge asked him if he did not intend to go ahead with the interview they had promised themselves.

"That's as it may be," was the hesitating reply. "I hardly think that I shall visit the man you mean this morning. He interests me and I hope that none of his movements will escape you. But I'm not ready to talk to him. I prefer to wait a "In the parlor or—"
"In the parlor. They had a great deal feel better, and have less to forget." little; to give my wife a chance. I should to say. More than one noticed them, but i "Just as you say," returned the detec- former was peremptory in what he had to



"My sister disappointed me, sir."

o one heard anything. They talked very low, but they meant business.
"Where is this man now?" "At the same place. He has engaged a

"The man with the twisted jaw?"

tive stiffly. "He's under our thumb at present, I can't tell when he may wriggle out."
"Not while your eye's on him. And your eye won't leave him as long as you have onfidence in the reward I've promised

Ah, it was hazen only five hours ago, muttered Ransom. "Porter, did you say her sk months."

"Etil me ber history so far as you know of her life precious recommended and the only hinging up, having been born in a small village in Connecticut. She was one of three children and the only one who has survived; her sister, who was her twin, died when she survived; her some hor twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the survived; her sister, who was her twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the survived; her sister, who was her twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and a both the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and the paper in his pocket twin, died when she was a small child, and the paper in his pocket to fine the paper in his pocket to fine." The safe that had for life—you cannot be got which is usually considered the greatest in which is sually considered the greatest in which as survival the fine the paper in his pocket. The

his future course in these words: "I will extend the time to three days; then if I do not hear from her I will get that wry-necked fellow by the throat and twist an explanation from him." But the three days passed and he found the situation unchang-

ed. Then he set as his limit the end of the reek, but before the full time had elapsed he was advised by Gerridge that he himself was being followed in his turn by a couple of private detectives; and while still under the agitation of this discovery was further disconcerted by having the following communication thrust into his hand in the oper street by a young woman who succeeded in losing herself in the crowd before he had got so much as a good look at her. You can judge of his amazement as he

Read the papers tonight and forget the stranger at the St. Denis. That was all, but the writing was her's.

The hours passed slowly till the papers were cried in the street. What Mr. Ransom read in them increased his astonishment, I might say his anxiety. It was a paragraph about his wife, an almost in-

read the few lines it contained.

credible one, running thus:
A strange explanation is given of the disappearance of Mrs. Roger Ransom on her wedding day. As our readers will re-member, she accompanied her husband to the hotel, but managed to slip away and leave the house while he still stood at the desk. This act, for which nothing in her previous conduct has in any way prepared her friends, is now said to have been due to the shock of hearing, some time during her wedding day, that a sister whom she had supposed dead was really alive and in circumstances of almost degrading poverty. As this sister had been her own twin, the As this sister had been her own twin, the effect upon her mind was very serious. To find and rescue this sister she left her newly-made husband in the surreptitious manner already recorded in the papers. That she is not fully herself is shown by her continued secrecy as to her whereabouts. All that she has been willing to admit to the two presents also have got a admit to the two persons she has so far taken into her confidence-her husband and the agent who conducts her affairs—is that she has found her sister and cannot leave her. Why, she does not state. The case is certainly a curious one and Mr. Ransom has the sympathy of all his friends. Confused, and in a state of mind border-

ing on frenzy, Mr. Ransom returned to the hotel and sought refuge in his own room. He put no confidence in what he had just read; he regarded it as a newspaper story and a great fake but she had bid him read it, and this fact in itself was very disturbing. For how could she have known about it if she had not been its author, and if she was its author, what purpose had she expected it to serve?

staggering into the nearest chair, asking himself if he had the courage to open and "May I ask who your companion is?" inread it. For the handwriting, like that of the note handed him in the street, was Georgian's, and he felt himself in a maze concerning her which made everything in her connection seem dreamlike and unreal. It was not long, however, before he had mastered its contents. They were strange enough, as this transcription of them will

You have seen what has happened to me, but you cannot understand how I feel. She looks exactly like me. It is that which makes the world eddy about me. I can-not get used to it. It is like seeing my own reflected image step from the mirror and walk about doing things. Two of us, Roger, two! If you saw her you would call her Georgian. And she says that she knows you, admires you! and she says it not to address or touch her during your short ride to the hotel, led me to point my inquiries so that I soon found out that your wife had had the assistance of another was only an anxious one from the Fultons, woman in getting ready for her journey and that this woman was her own maid, who had been with her for a long time, and lord side says that she knows you, admires you! and she says it lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut my ears, but lin my voice. I try to shut she was only an anxious one from the Fultons, who was only an anxious one from the Fultons, was only an anxious one from the feelings with the note had been given in my voice. I try to shut she who she says ital the top who she was only an anxious one from the feelings with lin my voic that I don't know what she would do if once let out of my sight. I love you-I love you-but I must stay right here. Your affectionate and most unhappy

GEORGIAN The sheet with its tear-stained lines fell from his grasp. Then he caught it up again and looked carefully at the signature. It was his wife's without doubt, Then he studied the rest of the writing and compared it with that of the note which had been thrust into his hands earlier in the day. There was no difference between them except that there were evidences of faltering in the latter, not noticeable in the earlier communication. As he noted these tokens of weakness or suffering, he caught up the telephone receiver in good earnest and called out Gerridge's number. "Have you read the evening papers? If you haven't, do so at once; then come di-rectly to me. It's business now and no mistake; and our first visit shall be on the fellow at the St. Denis."

#### CHAPTER V. In Corridor and in Room.

Three-quarters of an hour later Mr. Ransom and Gerridge stood in close conference before the last mentioned hotel. The

"I haven't a particle of confidence in this newspaper story," he declared. "I haven't much confidence in her letter. It is this man who is working us. He has a hold on her and has given her this cock and bull story to tell. A sister! A twin sister come to light after fifteen years of supposed burial! I find the circumstance entirely too romantic. Nor does an explanation of this nature fit the conditions. She was happy before she saw him in the church. He isn't her twin sister. I tell you the game is a deep one and she is the sufferer. Her letters betray more than a disturbed mind; they betray a disturbed brain. That man is the cause and I mean to wring his secret from him. You are sure of his being still in the house?"

"He was early this morning. He has lived a very quiet life these last Tew days, the life of one waiting. He has not even had visitors, after that one interview he held with your wife. I have kept careful watch on him. Though a suspected char-acter, he has done nothing suspicious while I've had him under my eye."
"That's all right and I thank you, Ger-

ridge; but it doesn't shake my opinion as to his being the moving power in this fraud. For fraud it is and no mistake. Of that I am fully convinced. Shall we go up? I want to surprise him in his room where he cannot slip away or back

"Leave that business to me; I'll manage it. If you want to see him in his room, you

But this time the detective counted with out his host. Mr. Porter was not in his room, but in one of the halls. They en-countered him as they left the elevator. He was standing reading a newspaper. The disfigured jaw could not be mistaken. They stopped where they were and looked at

He was intent, absorbed. As they watched, they saw his hands close convulsively on the sheet he was holding, while his lips muttered some words that made the detective look hard at his companion.
"Did you hear?" he cautiously inquired, as Mr. Ransom stood hesitating, not knowing whether to address the man or not.
"No; what did he say? Do you suppose he is reading that paragraph?" "I haven't a doubt of it; and his words were, 'Here's a damned ile!" -very much like

your own. sir."
Mr. Ransom drew the detective a few steps down the corridor. "He said that?" "Yes, I heard him distinctly."

to wait longer. Yes, he would give her a day. That was time enough for a man suffering on the rack of such an intolerable suspense—one day.

all appearance, for his room. Would he notice them as he went by? It did not seem likely. Instinctively they had stepped to one side, and Mr. Ransom's face

creasing his anger, as the detective had naturally expected, it appeared to have the contrary effect, for every vestige of pas-sion immediately disappeared from his face. leaving only its natural disfigurement to plead against him. He approached them, and Ransom, at least, was conscious of a revulsion of feeling in his favor, there was such restraint and yet such undoubted power in his strange and peculiar personality.
"You know me?" said he, darting a keen and comprehensive look from one to the other.

"We should like a few words with you," ventured Gerridge. "This gentleman thinks you can give him very valuable informaion about a person he is greatly interested

"He is mistaken." The words came quick and decisive in a not unmelodious voice. "I am a stranger in New York; a stranger in this country. I have few, if any, acquaintances. "You have one."

It was now Mr. Ransom's turn.
"A man with no acquaintances does not attend weddings; certainly not wedding reeptions. I have seen you at one, my own Do you not recognize me, Mr. Hazen? A twitch of surprise, not even Ransom could call it alarm, drew his mouth still further toward his ear; but his manner hardly altered and it was in the same affa-

ble tone that he replied:
"You must pardon my short-sightedness. I did not recognize you, Mr. Ransom."
"Did not want to," muttered Gerridge satisfied in his own mind that this man was only deterred by his marked and unmistakable physiognomy from denying the ac-quaintanceship just advanced.

"Your congratulations did not produce the desired effect," continued Mr. Ransom. "My happiness was short lived. Perhaps you knew its uncertain tenure when you wished me joy. I remember that your tone lacked It was a direct attack. Whether a wise

one or not remained to be seen. Gerridge watched the unfolding drama with inter-"I have reason to think," proceeded Mr Ransom, "that the unhappy termination of that day's felicities was in a measure due to you. You seem to know my bride very well; much too well for her happiness or

"We will argue that question in my room," was the unmoved reply. "The open hall is quite unsuited to a conversation of this nature. Now," said he, turning upon them when they were in the privacy of his small but not uncomfortable apartment, "you will be kind enough to repeat what you just said. I wish to thoroughly under-

stand you." "You have the right," returned Mr. Ran-som, controlling himself under the detec-He was still debating this question when he reached his own room. On the floor, a little way from the sill, lay a letter. It had been thrust under the door during his abbeen thrust under the door during his absence. Lifting it in some trepidation, he cast a glance at its inscription and sank staggering into the nearest chair asking.

> quired the other, with a slight inclination towards Gerridge. "A friend, the who is in my confidence."
> "Then I will answer you without any further hesitation. My presence may have dis-turbed your wife, it very likely did, but I was not to blame for that. No man is to blame for the bad effects of an unfortunate

accident "Oh, I don't mean that," Mr. Ransom hastened to protest. "The cause of her very evident agitation was not personal. It had a deeper root than that. It led, or so I believe, to her flight from a love she cherished, at a moment when our mutual

life seemed about to begin." The impassive, I might almost say set, features of this man of violent passions, but remarkeble self-restraint failed to re-

somewhat fantastic, reason for her flight. A reason totally different from the one

you suggest." "A reason you don't believe in?" "Certainly not. It is too bizarre." "I share your incredulity. That is why



"The maze is at its thickest," he remarked.

I seek the truth from you rather than from the columns of a newspaper. And you owe me this truth. You have broken

up my life."
"I? That's a strange accusation you make, Mr. Ransom."
"Possibly. But it's one which strikes hard on your conscience for all that. This is evident enough even to a stranger like myself. I am convinced that if you had not come into her life she would have been at my side today. Now, who are you? She told me you were a relative."

"She told you the truth; I am. Her nearest relative. The story in the paper has a certain amount of truth in it. Her brother, not her sister, has come back from the grave. I am that brother. She was once devoted to me. 'You are-

"Yes. Oh, there'll be no difficulty in my proving this relationship. I have evidence upon evidence of the fact right in this room with me; evidence much more convincing and far less disputable than this surprising twin can bring forward if her identity is questioned. Georgian had a twin sister, but she was buried years ago.

"I do not begrudge you the money," said he, "but Mrs. Ransom's signature had changed a few hours previous to her mak-ing out this check. Did she remember this?" "She signed her married name promising

little shocked and troubled, but quite sane."
"You knew that she had stolen away from me—that she had resorted to a most unworthy subterfuge in order to hold this conversation with you?"

wild behavior since that hour. That is all I than I wished. All that I could make-out I have to say, sir. I think I am almost as much an object of pity as yourself." than I wished. All that I could make-out of her manner and conversation was the overpowering shock she felt at seeing me fering on the rack of such an intolerable suspense—one day.

But even that day did not pass without breaks in his mood and more than one walk in the direction of the St. Denis Hotel. It Gerridge's eye was on him as well as on the special object of his surveillance, he must have smiled, more than once, at the restless flittings of his client about the forbidden spot. In the evening it was the same, but the next morning he remained steadfastly at his hotel. He had laid out his future course in these words: "I will one steadfastly at his hotel. He had laid out his future course in these words: "I will one steadfastly at his hotel. He had laid out his future course in these words: "I will one steadfastly at his hotel. The fere was startling. Instanctively they had stepped sas much an object of pity as yourself."

And for a moment he appeared to be so, not only to Gerridge, but to Mr. Ransom him seem and was in this unto Mr. Ransom himself. Then something in the man—his unnatural coldness, the purpose which himself. Then something in the man—his unnatural coldness, the purpose without himself, and him to Mr. Ransom himself at the straint—reawakened Mr. Ransom's distrust and led him to say:

"Your complaint is natural. If you are which he had laid out his future course in the straint—reawakened Mr. Ransom's brother, there should be sympathy between us and not antagonism. Why is this?"

The effect was startling. Instended in the same was much an object of pity as yourself."

And for a moment he appeared to be so, not only to Gerridge, but to Mr. Ransom himself. Then something in the man—his unnatural coldness, the purpose which himself. Then something in the man—his unnatural coldness, the purpose which himself. Then something in the man—his unnatural coldness, the purpose withing the man object of pity as yourself."

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"Your complaint is natural. If you are sway from the seven the s

and led him to say:

"Your complaint is natural. If you are
Mrs. Ransom's brother, there should be
sympathy between us and not antagonism.
But I feel only antagonism. Why is this?"
A shrug, followed by an odd smile.

"You should be able to account for that
"You should be able to account for that you cannot tell me where the woman you

A shrug, followed by an odd smile.

"You should be able to account for that on very reasonable grounds," said he. "I do not expect much mercy from strangers. It is hard to make your good intentions

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you cannot tell me where the woman you can one tell me where the woman you can strangers. It is hard to make your good intentions felt through such a distorted medium as my expression has now become."

"Mrs. Ransom has been here," Ransom suddenly launched forth. "Within two hours of your encounter under Mr. Fulton's strange words to him were lying, that a

roof, she was talking with you in this hotel. I have proof positive of that, sir."

"I have no wish to deny the fact," was "But this is not like my wife," protested



### The interview which followed was certainly a remarkable one."

wanted money."

The last phrase was uttered with such grim determination that the exclamation which had risen to Mr. Ransom's lips died in a conflict of feeling which forbade any rejoinder that savored of sarcasm. Hazen, however, must have noted his first look, for he added with an air of haughty applory.

He bottom of his heart. "Why deceive us both? She, was never a disingenuous woman."

"In childhood she had her incomprehensible moments," observed Hazen, with an ambiguous lift of his shoulders; then, as Ransom made an impatient move, added with steady composure. "It have exactly the steady composure."

very much on her person—and following the instinct of the moment, he remarked:

"Mrs. Ransom is not the woman to hesitate when a person she loved makes."

prove to you that she is not following any lead of mine in this dissemination of a barefaced falsehood."

There was truth in this which both Mr. Ransom and Gerridge falsehood. the instinct of the moment, he remarked:
"Mrs. Ransom is not the woman to hesitate when a person she loves makes an appeal for money. She handed you immetate the statement of the moment in this which both Mr. Ransom and Gerridge felt obliged to own. Yet they were not satisfied, even after Mr. Hazen, almost against Mr. Ransom's will, diately a large sum, I have no doubt."

tempt and stole a glance at Gerridge.

The doubtful smile he received was not found himself entangled had been deepened very encouraging. The same thought had evidently struck both. The money in the bag was a blind—she had carried her checkbook with her and so could draw on her account for whatever she wished. But under what name? Her maiden one or his? Bansom determined to find out Ransom determined to find out.

the steady answer. "She did come here Ransom, hesitating to accuse the other 6 and we had a talk; it was necessary; I falsehood, yet evidently doubting him from wanted money."

I falsehood, yet evidently doubting him from the bottom of his heart. "Why deceive us

however, must have noted his first look, for he added with an air of haughty apology:
"I repeat that we were once very fond of each other."

Ransom felt his perplexities growing with every moment he talked with this man. He remembered the money which both he and Gerridge had seen in her bag—an prove to you that she is not following any lead of mine in this dissemination of a bare.

had established his claims to the relation-"She wrote me out a check," was the simple but cold answer.

Mr. Ransom felt the failure of his atnot be juggled with, nor could Ransom

through whose aid can I gain an interview with my wife?"

#### CHAPTER VI. The Lawyer.

The answer was an unexpectedly sensible

"Hunt up her man of business and sea what he can do for you. She cannot get along without money; nor could that statement of hers have got into the papers without somebody's assistance. Since she did not get it from the fellow we have just left, she must have had it from the only other person she would dare confide in." Ransom answered by immediately hailing a downtown car.

The interview which followed was certainly a remarkable one. At first Mr. Harper would say nothing, declaring that his relations with Mrs. Ransom were of a purely business and confidential nature. But by degrees, moved by the persuasive influence of Mr. Ransom's candor and his indubitable right to consideration, he allowed himself to admit that he had seen Mrs. Ransom during the last three days, and that he had every reason to believe that there was a twin sister in the case, and that all Mrs. Ransom's eccentric conduct was attributable to this fact and the overpowering sense of responsibility which it seemed to have brought to her-a result which would not appear strange to those who knew the sensitiveness of her nature and the delicate balance of her mind.

Mr. Ransom recalled the tenor of her strange letter on this subject, but was not convinced. He inquired of Mr. Harper if he had heard her say anything about the equally astounding fact of a returned broth-er, and when he found that this was mere jargon to Mr. Harper, he related what he knew of Hazen and left the lawyer to draw his own inferences.

The result was some show of embarrass.

ment on the part of Mr. Harper. It was evident that in her consultations with him she had entirely left-out all allusion to this brother. Either the man had advanced a fa'se claim or else she was in an irresponsible condition of mind which made her see a sister where there was a brother. Ransom made some remark indicative of his appreciation of the dilemma in which they found themselves, but was quickly

silenced by the other's emphatic assertion "I have seen the girl; she was with Mrs. Ransom the day she came here. She sat in the adjoining room while we talked over her case in this one. "You saw her-saw her face?" "No, not her face; she was too heavily veiled for that. Mrs. Ransom explained

why. They were too absurdly alike, she said. It awoke comment and it gave her the creeps. But their figures were identical though their dresses were different." "So! there is some one then; the girl is not absolutely a myth."

"Far from it. Nor is the will which Mrs. Ransom has asked me to draw up for her a myth." "Her will! she has asked you to draw up

her will!"
"Yes. That was the object of her visit. She had entered the married state, she said, and wished to make a legal disposition of her property before she returned to you. She was very nervous when she said this very nervous through all the interview. There was nothing else for me to do but

comply. "And you have drawn up this will?

"According to her instructions, yes." "But she has not signed it?"

"But she intends to?"

"Certainly."
"Then you will see her again?"

"Is the time set?"

The lawyer rose to his feet. He understood the hint implied and for an instant appeared to waver. There was something very winsome about Roger Ransom; some attribute or expression which apealed especially to men.

attribute or expression which apealed especially to men.
"I wish I might help you out of your difficulty," said he. "But a client's wishes are
paramount. Mrs. Ransom desired secrecy,
She had every right to demand it of me."
Mr. Ransom's face fell. Hope had flashed
upon him only to disappear again. The
lawer eyed him out of the corner of his

"The man with the twisted jaw?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps not; but you take the life out of me. Last night you were too hot; this morning you are too cold. But it's not for me to complain. You know where to find muttered Ransom. "Porter, did you say," I'll have a talk with this Porter at once."

"I think not tonight," put in the detective went out.

"I think not tonight," put in the detective went out.

"Ransom remained alone and in no entitled the state of the detective went out.

"Yes, I heard him distinctly."

"Then my theory is all wrong. This man didn't provide her with this imaginary twin sister."

"Evidently not."

"And about as much put out. Look at him! Nothing yellow there! We shall have

to notify the bank at once. "And you cashed the check?"
"No, sir; I am not in such immediate need of money as that. I have it still, but I shall endeavor to cash it tomorrow. Some

question may come us as to her sanity, and I do not choose to lose the only money "Mr. Hazen, you harp on the irresponsible condition of her mind. Did you see any tokens of this in the interview you had together?"
"No; she seemed sane enough then; a

"No; I had asked her to come, and on that very afternoon if possible, but I never knew what means she took for doing so; I didn't ask and she didn't say."